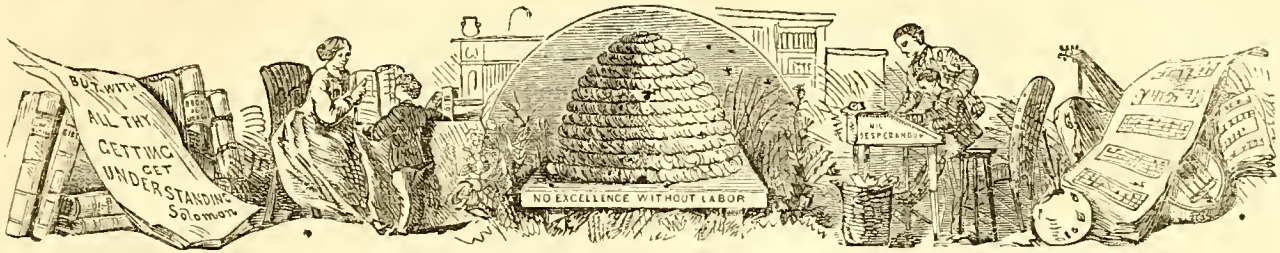


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 8.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

NO. 20.

A SCENE IN INDIA.

WE have in former volumes of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR given our readers several sketches of life in India and of manners and customs which are at present or have been in the past in vogue among the inhabitants of that country. The scene we present you with this time is one of the river Ganges, the largest river in that far distant country. Aside from its association in our minds with the barbarous customs of the Hindoos, there is nothing very remarkable about this river. The superstitious zeal of those degraded people lead them to commit many acts which we, educated so differently and possessing such different views in regard to religion, can not consider otherwise than wicked; but great changes have taken place in that country since Great Britain has held rule there, and the rites and customs of the natives which have so shocked the Christian nations are fast becoming things of the past.

Nearly all the children who read the INSTRUCTOR know that the Ganges is a river which flows through the north-eastern part of Hindostan. It is a very large, and, in many places, a very beautiful river. It flows in a south-easterly direction, and empties into the sea through a great many mouths; their number is said to be a hundred.

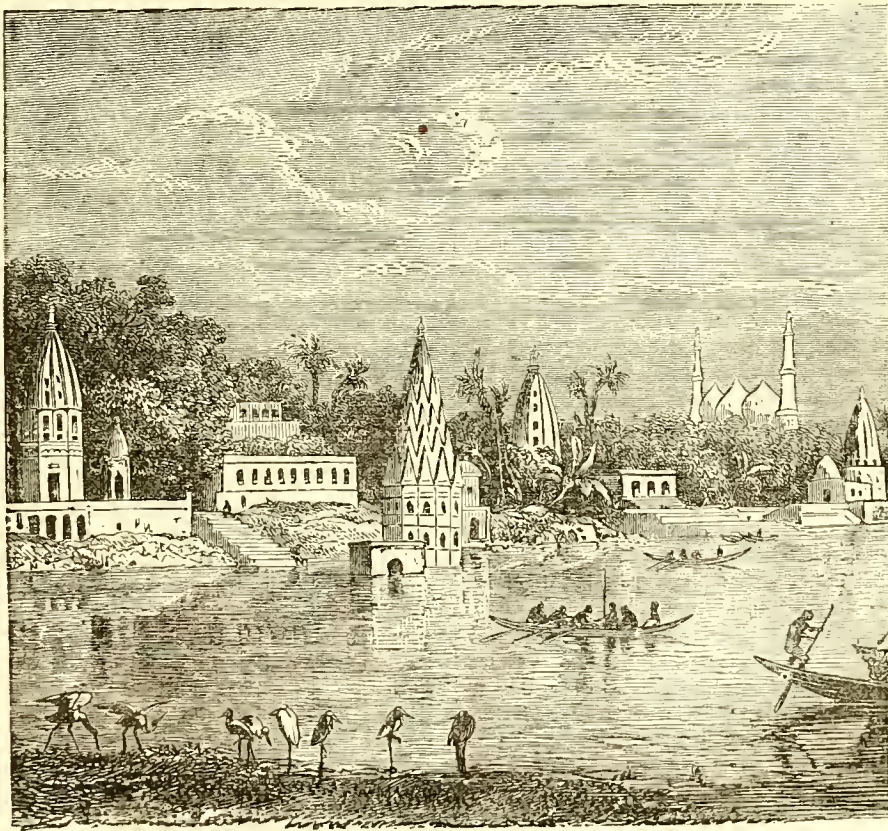
The Ganges was so called after a heathen goddess named Guuga. All classes and castes of the Hindoos worship this goddess. The river, as her representative, is regarded as very

sacred. Those people used to believe that the waters, the sight, the very name even, would take away all sin. To die on the banks of the Ganges, especially if partly submerged in the stream or drinking of its waters, was supposed to render a person very holy and very pleasing in the sight of their imaginary deities. They oftentimes, also, besmeared themselves with mud taken from the edge of the river. On this account, when

any person was very sick, and it was expected that he would soon die, he was hurried, sometimes with and sometimes without his consent, down to the water. Instead of dying peacefully and quietly in their beds, soothed by loving friends, they were there subjected to many troublesome and painful rites.

One might sometimes see several parties of Hindoos bringing their dying relatives or friends down to the edge of the Ganges. In one place sons bringing a dying mother on their shoulders or in their arms, that she might drink or be plunged in the sacred waters. Thus supposing that her

soul would be purified, so that she would go to heaven. Again might be seen parents sprinkling a sick child with the muddy water, while trying to sooth his dying groans by saying, "It is blessed to die by Guuga, my child." In another place a person seated in the edge of the stream with a priest pouring the muddy water down his throat, despite the feeble resistance of the dying man, and crying aloud, "O, Mother Guuga, receive



his soul!" until the miserable victim would be suffocated or choked to death.

Children raised in this country will wonder that human beings could be so depraved, and bound by superstition to such a degree, but the history of that country and several others furnish us many instances of rites being practiced quite as shocking and barbarous as those we relate.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

THE year 1848 opened favorably upon the people in the Camp at Winter Quarters. Sickness was not so common as it had been the previous winter. A place had been found in the mountains to which the Saints could gather. This was a great relief to the people. From February, 1846, they had been wanderers without a fixed home. They had stopped at many places, but they knew that they were only temporary residences. The land where they were to remain and to commence the building up of Zion was far distant. But now their circumstances were better and more encouraging. The amusements and means of recreation for the people were limited, and, therefore, a dancing school taught by Hyrum Gates, greedily contributed to the cheerfulness of the community during the winter months. The head-quarters of the Camp of Israel was still at Winter Quarters. Of the Apostles there were with President Young at that point at the opening of the year: Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith and Willard Richards. Orson Hyde was within call on the other side of the river; Parley P. Pratt and John Taylor were at Great Salt Lake Valley, having moved here with that portion of the Church that had followed the pioneers; and Amasa Lyman and Ezra T. Benson were on their way to the Eastern States on a mission. A town on the eastern side of the river at Council Bluffs had been laid out by the Saints, and was named Kanesville in honor of Colonel Thomas L. Kane. Winter Quarters was on Indian lands, and the Government agent was anxious to get the Saints moved off; but he wrote a letter to President Young, in which he prohibited the people from moving their log cabins over the river to Kanesville. It was not many weeks after doing this that he wrote another letter to President Young, soliciting charity in behalf of the Pawnee chiefs—an appeal that was not made in vain, for the President caused that they should be supplied freely with corn and beef.

At Kanesville the people were anxious to have a post office established and a county organization extended over the land on which they had settled. At some meetings held in January, 1848, a petition to the Legislature of Iowa was numerously signed, and Andrew H. Perkins and Henry W. Miller were chosen delegates to carry and present said petition. They attended to this business and learned that the Legislature had made provision for the organization whenever the Judge of the 4th judicial district of Iowa should decree that the "public good requires such organization." They waited upon the Judge, Carolton by name, who was at Iowa city, and he informed them that he had appointed a Mr. Townsend to organize said county. The delegation were introduced to the Secretary of State, who expressed a great desire that the Saints should stay in Iowa and improve the country. The politicians were very anxious to have a State road laid off, bridges built, and a post route established for the convenience of the inhabitants of the Council Bluffs country. The Whig and Democratic parties were nearly alike in numbers in the State, and both appeared very solicitous for the welfare of our people. It was not difficult to perceive why they appeared to feel so much

interest. They wanted voters, and the party which could gain the "Mormon" vote would carry the State.

Soon after the visit of the delegation to Iowa city two delegates—Sidney Roberts and Winsor P. Lyon—were selected by the Central Whig committee of the State of Iowa to go to the Bluffs, hold a caucus there with the people and present an address from the Whigs of the State. Ill health prevented Lyon from going to the Bluffs, but Sidney Roberts met in caucus there with the leading citizens, and presented his own and Lyon's credentials. The address reviewed, at length, the persecutions heaped upon the Saints in Missouri, the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, their leaders, and their cruel expulsion from the States of Missouri and Illinois. The address also dwelt feelingly upon the deception and treachery of the Democrats for asking favors so often from, and as often heaping neglect, abuse and persecution upon the Saints, depriving them from time to time of civil and religious liberty and the inalienable rights of freemen; and hearing that the "greedy cormorants of Loco-focoism" (the Democrats were sometimes called Loco-focos in those days) were at their heels, and had "commenced a systematical plan to inveigle them in the meshes of their crafty net," they delegated Messrs. Winsor P. Lyon and Sidney Roberts to visit them and lay before them the national policy of the Whigs and solicit their co-operation; as urging them that their party was pledged to them and the country to "a firm and unyielding protection to Jew, Gentile and Christian of every name and denomination, with all other immunities rightfully belonging to every citizen in the land."*

(To be continued.)

[For the Juvenile Instructor.]

A BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued.)

THIRTEEN people, natives of Chili, were living on the island at the time of my visit. The Fort and houses erected by the soldiers and convicts was in ruins. One of the residents, for a small consideration, led us to the cave usually pointed out as Selkirk's, but it was so different in appearance and construction to the cave of Crusoe that I was quite disappointed. Convicts, possibly some of the present inhabitants, had recently made it a dwelling place, and blackened the interior with the smoke of their fires. I ascended the hill at the back of the cave, and had a fine view seaward. Our ship was "close hauled" to the wind, working to the north of the island. I tried to compare my life of drudgery and slavishness on board the whaler, with the freedom and solitude enjoyed by Selkirk when here, "Monarch of all he surveyed," and I must own my romantic ideas were considerably dampened; for a life on the vessel no matter how disagreeable, was to me preferable to a lonely existence on this beautiful and enticing isle. My visit to the island has always been a pleasant epoch in my life, and when thinking over its history and the events that have so remarkably interwoven Dampier with the lives of the Mosquito William and Alexander Selkirk, unfortunately leaving them and fortunately rescuing them, the truth seems almost as remark-

—Their platform read as follows: "The national policy of the Whigs is hereby pledged to you and the country to foster and sustain domestic industry, to establish and maintain a sound national currency of equal value to gold and silver from Maine to California, to support a system of internal improvements state and national, a distribution of the proceeds of the sale of public lands among the States according to federal representation, to advocate the integrity of the public servants, to sustain an economical administration of public affairs, and a firm and unyielding protection to Jew, Gentile and Christian of every name and denomination under the jurisdiction of the United States. These and all other immunities rightfully belonging to every citizen in the land the Whigs are hereby bound by their principles and their sacred honor to carry out and sustain."

able and interesting as the famed romance that has done more to perpetuate their history than their own acts. Before sundown we bade farewell to Juan Fernandez with our boats loaded with fish and pulled off for the ship, going through a narrow passage or strait between the main island and a small island called Goat Island. We found our vessel in company with the ship *Henry Clay* of Nantucket, Captain Skinner, forty months out from home and one thousand barrels of oil on board. We had a *gam* with her in the evening; but her crew were all Sandwich Islanders (Kanakas) except her officers, consequently it was not very interesting to us fellows in the fore-castle. Gammoning at sea, or as it is usually pronounced at sea "gam," is an interchange of civilities between two or more ships, much in vogue amongst whalers; usually the "lee" ship hauls aback her mainyard and hoists her signal, signifying her wish; the ship to windward squares her yards, puts her helm up and runs across the other's stern and speaks her. The captain of one lowers his boat and boards the other, when the mate of the craft just boarded returns in the boat with a fresh crew, officers resort to the cabin, boat steers to the steerage and the crew to the fore-castle. In a few minutes an acquaintance is as far advanced as a ten year's intimacy ashore would warrant. Songs are sung and dire and wonderful fish stories related; books and old newspapers are exchanged. If the vessel spoken is just from home, possibly she has letters for you. After two or three hours pleasantly spent, the men return to their respective ships, wishing you *greasy* luck and plenty of it, and the two ships resume their courses. We had only got on board our vessel when whales were raised, and down went the boats from both ships but without any success. In company the vessels cruised to the westward. The day after leaving Juan Fernandez, we sighted the island of Masafuero, sixty miles west and similar in appearance. Here we spoke the ship *Martha* of New Bedford, Captain Skinner, a brother of the captain of the *Henry Clay*, and the three vessels run north to the islands of St. Felix and St. Ambrose. Here our captains intended to cruise for a few weeks, with a hope of filling a few of our empty oil casks. The islands are rocky and barren, and only inhabited by sea birds. The *Martha* was thirty-three months from home and had secured some fifteen hundred barrels of oil, and among the whalers was looked upon as a lucky ship; but misfortune or bad luck is almost sure to come in some shape in a business so precarious and dangerous as the whaler's; the *Martha* was not to escape. About four o'clock in the afternoon, whales were raised from the mast head; the boats were quickly down and in hot pursuit. There is always considerable rivalry between boats belonging to the same ship, but when the crews of two or more vessels are in pursuit of a whale, the excitement and their exertions are redoubled. The boat commanded by the mate of the *Martha* was soon on the lead, and to prevent frightening the fish the other boats lay to. The mate layed his boat alongside of a large whale in a capital manner, and the boat steerer drove his harpoons deep into the back of the monster; the whale sank under the water, but almost instantly his head reappeared, and before the boat could be turned he crushed it in his huge jaws; as the two ends shot in the air he seized the bow end and crushed it into a thousand splinters, he then sounded again and was seen no more. The crews of the other boats pulled with a will to the rescue of their comrades, but unfortunately saved only four of the six men belonging to the boat; the tub and midshipmen were crushed by the whale's jaw, and their bodies had sunk out of sight.

Not meeting with any success off the St. Felix islands, the ships parted company; our vessel cruising to the westward. The day after parting company, whales were raised, and in two hours we had three small fish alongside, making, when tryde out, seventy-five barrels of oil for us. Our course was now to the westward between the 120° and 130° of west longitude,

known to whalers as the "off shore ground." The whales found in these latitudes are very large, and noted for their desperate fighting qualities when attacked by man. As an example of their power I will relate the misfortune that befel the ship *Ann Alexander*, of New Bedford, that happened while we were cruising, and shortly after our arrival on this ground.

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Chemistry of Common Things.

ELEMENTS - SYMBOLS.

IN the last number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is an alphabetical table of elementary substances, with their symbols, and equivalents, or combining weights. In the margin may be found the names of a few of the oxides formed by the different elements. It will be well to preserve this table for future reference.

The non-metals, or metalloids occur first in the table, these may be readily committed to memory, or the most important of them. The next in order are the metals, many of which it is important to be acquainted with; these may also be remembered, such as iron, lead; the soda metal, the potash metal; aluminum, which, with oxygen, forms alumina, the base of clay; calcium, the lime metal, and other common metals. Metals with unfamiliar names it is not important to remember, as they can be referred to in the table when necessary.

The symbols are easily remembered, they are in nearly every instance the initial letter of the name. When this is not the case it is because two or more elements begin with the same letter; in which cases the first and second, or first and third letters are chosen. Sometimes an element has its common name with its Latin name appended, this is to explain the symbol to the young reader who may not be acquainted with the technical name. All the metals should end in um, they do when written in scientific language, as zinc, zincum; iron, ferrum, the Latin names of these metals.

The combining weights are important to learn as every element has the power to combine in the proportion represented by the figures placed after the symbol. O is 8, compared with H which is 1. Thus H O does not only mean hydrogen and oxygen but 1 part of hydrogen and 8 parts of oxygen, making 9 parts of the compound formed by the chemical combination of these elements, which form water, an oxide of hydrogen.

There are blank spaces before some of the names in the combining weight column, this is when the true weight is not known, or has not been determined. All bodies combine either with oxygen or hydrogen so that, eventually the true ratio of every other body will be ascertained.

This table of elements is of great value in determining the weight of bodies, especially the *relative weight* of their components; ex. gr. 1 pound of hydrogen (1 is the *combining weight*, we must remember that) and 8 pounds of oxygen (8 is its combining weight) form 9 pounds of water. 6 pounds of carbon combine with twice 8 pounds of oxygen, to form 22 pounds of carbonic acid. So, in any combination of elements exact ratios, or proportions, are preserved, and we know the ratios by the combining numbers.

BET.

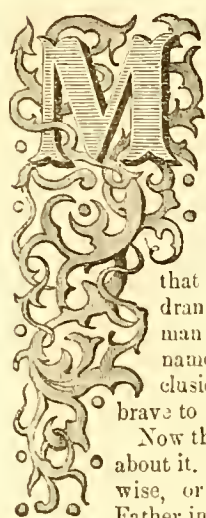
A KIND old father-in-law wanted to know why the Fecjicans are called cannibals, to which Barnum replied: "Because they live on other people." "Then," replied he, unhappily, "My four sons-in-law must be cannibals—they live off me."

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE O. CANNON - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1873.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



MOST boys like to be thought manly, and a truly manly boy is a very pleasant sight; one who mingles with the hey-day of boyhood a little of the thought of more mature years. But many boys take very unmanly men for their models. They see one foolish fellow puffing at a big cigar and they fancy it must be very manly to smoke; they notice another pouring whiskey down his throat, and they seem to get the notion that they would be much more like men if they drank strong drink; they hear some reckless man using the vilest language and taking the name of God in vain and they jump to the conclusion that it must be something grand and brave to curse and swear.

Now then, let us take our last example and think about it. What is there good, or noble, or brave, or wise, or praiseworthy in using the name of our Father in Heaven or of our Savior, without respect, love, or reverence in our daily common-place talk. Is any man or boy happier, wiser, better or richer by so doing? Are they the wise and good of this earth who do so? Are they not generally the most wicked and reckless of men who curse and blaspheme the most fluently? Then why should we copy the worst types of manhood in looking for the manly, when the examples of the best are before us?

It is a safe rule that it is not wise to adopt any habit in this life that must be given up before we can enter into the joys of the next, or, we should never encourage on earth that which will not be permitted in heaven. Every one of us is willing to admit that good men do not swear; do we expect they will do so when they enter the presence of God? Do angels take the Lord's name in vain? The idea is so ridiculous that we scarcely like to ask the question. But then there is another question which this leads to of great importance to the blasphemer. It is this: how dare we do that which angels dare not do? Is it possible for us to argue that that which is forbidden in heaven is praiseworthy on earth?

Swearing is not only wicked but ridiculous. A boy wants to seem very brave so he places between every two or three words an appeal to the Almighty, a request that some curse may fall upon him, as if any sensible person would be more likely to believe him or have any more respect for him by this exhibition than if he made his simple statements in plain English. How utterly absurd it would sound if some one for the sake of a change were to introduce a style of swearing something like this. The speaker commences—A big fire, (pistols and bowie knives,) occurred last night, (fenders shovels and tongs,) at Chicago, sixty-five (broad swords and flat irons,) houses were consumed and many (inkstands and penwipers,) poor families will be left without (fans and smelling bottles,) homes for the winter. This kind of swearing is new, but just as sensible and not a thousandth part as wicked as the way in which men generally indulge.

Though we are sure no boy can tell us any advantage that can arise from the abuse of God's holy name, yet we can tell him many evils that arise therefrom. To begin, it is unnecessary and consequently foolish, it lessens our respect for holy things

and leads us into the society of the wicked; it brings upon us the disrespect of the good who avoid us; it leads us to other sins, for he who is willing to abuse his Creator is not ashamed to defraud his fellow creature; and also by so doing we directly and knowingly break one of the most direct of God's commandments, for every Bible contains the word in which he commands: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

Boys, if patient, will find that they are sure not to grow up to be any thing but men. But if they are impatient to adopt the ways of men, let them pattern after the best men. It is not manly to swear, but it is truly manly to raise the voice to God in praise and prayer; it is not manly to drink, strong drink, smoke and chew, but it is manly to observe the Word of Wisdom; it is not manly to loaf around the streets picking up all sorts of evil information, but it is manly to labor and to study good books; finally, it is not manly to serve the devil, to ape the ways of the wicked and copy the fashions of the gentiles, but it is most manly to serve God with all your heart, with all your mind and all your strength.

AT a meeting of the Committee appointed to arrange for and superintend the proposed Jubilee, held on the evening of Sept. 22nd, the question of holding it this Fall or of postponing it until another season was fully discussed. The season has so far advanced, and short days and cold weather are so near at hand that, it was argued, it would be better to postpone the Jubilee until next Spring or early Summer. If the music were all printed and the children were all trained in singing the songs prepared for the occasion, the Jubilee might be held immediately; but we have been disappointed in getting the music and songs stereotyped as we expected to have them, and have, therefore, been unable to strike off the number of copies needed as quickly as desired. After a full discussion of the subject, the Committee finally determined to not attempt to hold the Jubilee this Fall; but to postpone it as suggested. In the meantime we shall continue to publish the music and songs in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, so that all our readers can become familiar with them, and the children and Sunday Schools be able to learn them. There will also be loose sheets of the songs and music struck off which can be had by all those desiring to use them in this form. It is expected that by giving this time for the schools to learn the songs and tunes, a much more successful Jubilee can be held than if it were hastily arranged this Fall.

HOW TO DO IT.—An intelligent and thrifty farmer says: "But for the co-operation of my boys I should have failed. The eldest is near twenty-one, and the other boys in the neighborhood, younger, have left their parents. Mine have stuck to me when I most needed their services, and I attribute this result to the fact that I have tried to make their home pleasant. I have furnished them with attractive and useful reading, and when night comes, and the day's work is ended, instead of running with other boys to the railroad station and adjoining towns, they gathered around the great lamp and became interested in their books and papers."

TAKE NOTICE, BOYS.—Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul as the respect and reverential love of a woman. A man who is always sneering at women is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot. If a person has not gallantry enough naturally to treat the sex with respect, the reflection that his mother was a woman ought to cause him to

THE KIND DRIVER.

A LADY, sitting at a window with some friends saw a wagon and pair of horses coming down the road, driven by a stout boy.

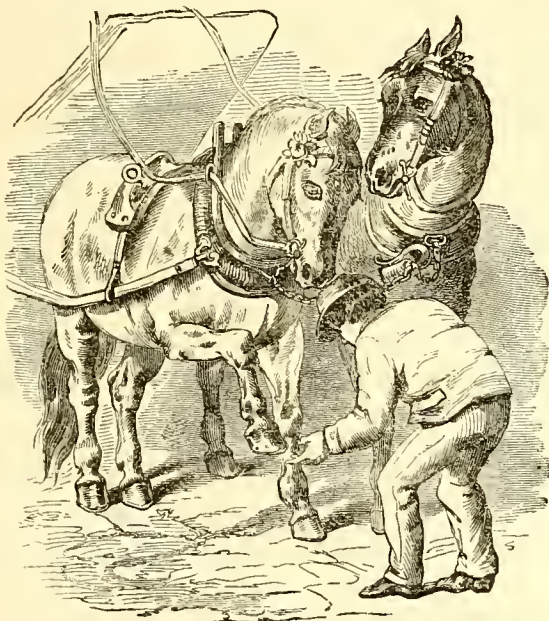
"Here comes a kind driver," she said. I've noticed the way he treats his horses, and their obedience and attachment. Wait until he gets near and I will speak to him."

So when the boy came opposite the house, the lady called out:

"Good morning, Benjamin. Won't you show my friends what a bright pair of horses you have? Make them shake hands."

The driver called, "Whoa!" to the horses, and as soon as they had stopped, he said, speaking to one of them, "Tom, shake hands!" when instantly the horse lifted his foot in a pleased, gentle way, and gave it into the boy's hand, who, after shaking it and letting it fall, said:

"Now, Tom, the other;" and up went that also. Then he went around to the other horse, and he did the same thing in the same gentle and pleasant way.



"Now turn round and come on," called out the boy; and instantly, without the crack of a whip or a loud command, the docile animals turned carefully the wagon to which they were harnessed, and followed their kind driver as a dog would have followed his master.

"Thank you, Benjamin," said the lady. "I wanted my friends to see how much more obedient animals can be made by kind than by harsh treatment."

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

INCIDENT OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS.

IN the days when our ox trains went to Florence, on the Missouri River, to bring the immigrants from that point, the remaining 1000 miles of the journey, to the Zion of their hopes and dreams, one afternoon, in July of 1862, an ox train was moving across the Plains at that rate of speed customary to the bovine race under the rays of a summer sun. Contrary to orders reiterated so often by our worthy Captain ———, large spaces were left by several teamsters between their own

teams and the preceding ones. There used to be considerable pride taken in the order and uniformity of travel in the large trains. This pride was connected with good common sense. To be safe it was readily understood that the train should be in close column, to be the more readily corralled, to resist an Indian attack, or any other exigency that might occur. Union was strength on the Plains in those days, and trains were not considered safe to travel unless they mustered an efficient force of well-armed men. Our Captain usually brought up the rear with his own teams, and on this occasion was rear guard. He had just awakened from a short nap, greatly needed by his broken rest of the night previous, when he espied the irregularity in the line of teams, of which I have spoken, and he walked rapidly to the front and ordered the teamsters to close up and keep in close order. At a point near the centre of the train was the largest break, and as the Captain drew near the wagon that was at fault, he saw the corner of a yellow-covered novel projecting over the edge of the wagon box. Now our Captain was of a very practical turn of mind, and all such balderdash was held at a very low estimate on his price list of the needs of humanity; quickly catching, therefore, the corner of the offensive book, it was tossed back into the wagon with the remark that, "no such business allowed in this train while traveling; close up the gap;" and the Captain was at the leaders heads (four yoke) ere the teamster could get his breath. No doubt it was a sudden transition from the tender love scene; or an awakening from the author's imaginary heroic resistance of oppression to this case in real life. At least it would seem so by the manner in which our gentle ox driver strove to give vent to his outraged feelings. His language and epithets were far from polite, and the Captain was called anything but a gentleman, and this with such a force and vigor by the aforesaid young gentleman, who had risen to his feet in the front of his wagon box with whip stock clenched in his hand, that the Captain paused a moment, then continued his rapid walk to the front.

The train by this time showed more signs of life; the teamsters were aroused by the loud tones of their irritated companion; they cracked their whips, and, urging their cattle forward, soon closed up the gap in the train. Our literary hero was also out on his feet, driving up, so as to lessen the gap he had occasioned, and venting his fury in artistically cutting the blossoms off the sun-flowers that grew by the road side. While enjoying himself thus he was somewhat surprised to hear the voice of the Captain calling him from the front of his wagon, where he (the Captain) had seated himself, having jumped up on the off side, unnoticed in consequence of the dust raised by the teams. "Come here, boy, or I must come to you," he heard the Captain say. A moment's hesitation, and he stepped up on the tongue, taking a seat on the edge of the wagon box by his side. Whereupon the Captain, with that grace which only true gentlemen possess, acknowledged his abruptness in relation to the book, and begged our hero's pardon, taking all blame to himself, never alluding to anything like dereliction of duty on any one else's part. Now this was too much for the young gentleman. He could not speak a word in reply; but grasped the Captain's outstretched hand, and stepped from the tongue to the ground, thereby causing the fall of two large drops that were standing in his eyes, which he in vain tried to hide when he grasped the Captain's hand.

Reader, after that incident you should have seen that boy start when the Captain's voice was heard calling for assistance in any duty around camp.

Moral.—Captains, go and do likewise. Under like circumstances you will not lessen your dignity or command; and, boys, take care, obey orders, do your duty, and by employing your time in usefulness, keep the gaps of temptation closed, that no evil may enter your path to mar your peace or fair name.

ANECDOTES OF WILD ANIMALS, ETC.

(Continued.)

THEY are excessively fond of eating buffalo and other game, killed too late in the day to be broken up, and, even when the hunters are sleeping by it, they will come almost within the glare of the fire, and tear and crunch away, taking no notice of shots or stones, but an occasional growl, unless hit, when they are pretty certain to make one spring into the center of the camp and do all the mischief they can. Apropos of this, I remember hearing of a very plucky thing done by a native hunter of a friend of mine. He had killed a buffalo and was sleeping out by it alone, and during the night heard crunching going on that only a lion's powerful jaw could produce. He got up, and by the dim light of a third-quarter moon could just make out the outlines of two lions, about two yards off. He took a steady aim—he only had a single barrel—and fired at the nearest, which made a bound upward and fell dead. The other took no notice, and after a minute resumed its meal, upon which he quietly loaded and shot it dead upon the spot. It showed great pluck, for, alone in the dark with two lions, and only one shot to trust to, is anything but a pleasant position.

Sometimes I have heard the most extraordinary concerts going on around game the lions were feeding on, wolves, hyenas, and jackals keeping up a continual round of howling, squealing and laughing, which, being interpreted, meant, I suppose, that they were very hungry and wished the lions would clear out and let them begin. It is by no means unusual to find a wolf or jackal lying dead, punished on the spot for daring to approach too near the bigger robber's supper, and I have often seen the spoor where a lion had chased wolves several hundred yards away from his prey.

Much has been written about their roar, and I must confess to having been disappointed in it at first; but after a time I discovered that, though it has no resemblance to thunder, or any thing of that sort, it really is a very awe-inspiring sound. It commences by a low booming growl, repeated two or three times, and increasing in loudness until it becomes a roar that fills the air, and dies away again in a low muttering. Lions coming from a different direction will often keep it up for half an hour, answering one another, and it shows how the animal is dreaded, that the moment it is heard near the camp there is a dead silence. More wood is hastily heaped on the fire, and all the natives uneasily shift their positions and take up their guns and spears. More than once I have lost a night's sleep by a serenade of this description, the lions, being hungry, and smelling our meat, would keep prowling about close to until dawn. The low, warning moan uttered by them, if you approach too near a thicket where they are concealed, is a most unpleasant noise, and when I first heard it I almost mistook it for the moan of some large animal in pain; but it invariably means that the lion is in a bad temper, and you had better not go too close.

The danger, if you come to close quarters with them, can hardly be exaggerated. There are cases where, single-handed, and armed only with a spear, a native has succeeded in killing one that has sprung on him without receiving anything but trifling injuries; but these are only exceptions that prove the rule that where they strike they kill. Unlike other large game, they divide their attentions equally, springing from one to another, and lighting with tooth and claw in the most wonderful manner. It is a grand sight to see one charge a native regiment sent out after it, as they sometimes are, springing over the heads of the first line right into the centre, flying about, knocking men down with every blow, until, a complete sieve of assegai wounds, it dies fighting.

They generally lie in the kaku-thorns, or in the dense evergreens which line the rivers, and in the summer in the reeds.

The best chances for killing them are obtained in the former place, as you often come across them asleep when you are stealing about after game. It is better not to fire if its head is toward you, as, even if you shoot it through the brain, its dying bound may land it on top of you; but if you see one, go round and try to get a shot at its back—they always lie on their side—and then there is a good chance at their head or heart, with a possibility of breaking the backbone. Sometimes the bush is too thick for you to go round, and in that case hide, and break a twig, or give a low whistle, and it will get up, uncertain what has disturbed it, and give every opportunity for a steady shot.

Sometimes one meets them in bad places, where it would be very dangerous to fire if alone, when, if seen, it is best to stand one's ground, not attempting to make any offensive movement, and not to kneel down; for some reason, probably because they themselves always crouch preparatory to attack, lions will rarely stand this if anything of an ugly temper. When you do fire try for the shoulder, or, if a very crack shot, and not at all nervous, the brain; do not aim too high, as the forehead is perfectly flat, and a ball is apt to glance. With a male, in firing at the shoulder, take care the floating mane that covers it does not cause you to aim too high, as, when the brute is angry and bristles up, it makes it seem a much larger mark than it really is.

When you have to take refuge in a tree, go up as far as you can get, for if none of its bones are broken the lion generally will have a try at you, though, if the branches are thick, there is little danger even within its distance.

In a case where a few seconds' delay may save your life, it is worth while to know that anything thrown down—a hat, coat, etc.—will first be torn up with a crunch of the teeth or a blow of the paw before your pursuer resumes the chase. It has, to my knowledge, saved more than one man at a pinch.

(To be continued.)

MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME HOW TO PRAY.

My mother taught me how to pray,
When a little wayward child;
She bade me fold my tiny hands,
And then in accents low and mild,
She taught me how to pray.

And through all my childish years,
Each night, beside my little bed,
She knelt with me, and with her hand
Placed on my infant-wondering head,
She bade me still to pray.

And in youth's bright and rosy morn,
When my heart with joy was teeming,
She gazed on me with eyes of love,
And in their depth I read this meaning:
Forget thou not to pray.

As years passed on, and sorrow's cloud
To me with bitterness was rife,
In gentle tones she whispered me,
"Joys are but transient in this life,
Therefore, my child, still pray."

And when the shadowy form of death
Was stealing o'er her pallid brow,
She murmured thus, in low, soft strain—
"Methinks I hear her even now—
"My child, my child, still pray."

Years have flown since her pure soul
Wing'd its flight to realms above,
Yet to my memory e'er will cling
Those words she breathed in dying love,
"My child, my child, still pray."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

LESSON XXXVII.

- Q.—What did the men who burned Noah do afterwards?
A.—They returned, determined to seek revenge if their wives and children were killed.
Q.—Upon their return what did they find?
A.—That their wives and children were living.
Q.—Did they join the rest of the people?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Who was made king in place of Noah?
A.—Limhi, his son.
Q.—What was his character?
A.—He was a just man.
Q.—Is this the same Limhi of whom mention is made in a previous lesson?
A.—Yes; he was the king before whom Ammon and his brethren were brought.
Q.—Did Limhi war with the Lamanites?
A.—Yes.
Q.—What was the cause of the war?
A.—The Lamanites accused Limhi and his people of stealing their daughters.
Q.—Were they guilty of this?
A.—No.
Q.—Who did steal the daughters of the Lamanites?
A.—The priests of Noah.
Q.—How many did they steal?
A.—Twenty-four.
Q.—Why did they steal these girls?
A.—That they might have wives.

LESSON XXXVIII.
Q.—What became of their own wives?
A.—They were with Limhi and the people and they were afraid to return to them.
Q.—Were the Lamanites satisfied when they learned the facts?
A.—Yes for a while.
Q.—Did they have other wars?
A.—Yes.
Q.—Were the Nephites successful?
A.—No; the Lamanites gained the victory and still kept them in bondage.
Q.—When they captured Ammon and his brethren, whom did they think they were?
A.—They supposed them to be priests of Noah.
Q.—What was the feeling of Limhi and his people after Ammon and his brethren had told them all the news from Zarahemla?
A.—They wanted to be baptized.
Q.—Did Ammon baptize them?
A.—No; he declined, considering himself an unworthy servant.
Q.—How did Limhi and his people escape from the Lamanites?
A.—They paid a tribute of wine to the Lamanites, and they got drunk.
Q.—At what time did they flee?
A.—They departed by night.
Q.—In what direction did they go?
A.—Towards the land of Zarahemla.
Q.—Who guided them?
A.—Ammon and his brethren.
Q.—Did they take their property with them?
A.—All that they could carry, and drove their flocks and herds.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE BIBLE.

CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Subject—HISTORY OF JOSEPH.

LESSON XXXVII.

- Q.—What did Jacob do before he died?
A.—He called his sons together.
Q.—For what purpose did he call them together?
A.—That he might tell them what would befall them in the last days.
Q.—After Jacob had done so, how are they designated?
A.—As the twelve tribes of Israel.
Q.—How did Jacob bless his sons?
A.—“Every one according to his blessing, he blessed them.”
Q.—What charge did he give his sons?
A.—To bury him with his fathers Abraham and Isaac.
Q.—How did Joseph act when Jacob died?
A.—He “fell upon his father’s face, and wept upon him, and kissed him.

- Q.—What did Joseph command his servants the physicians to do?
A.—To embalm his father.
Q.—How many days were fulfilled for him according to the custom for those who were embalmed?
A.—Forty.
Q.—How long did the Egyptians mourn for Jacob?
A.—Three score and ten days.
Q.—When the days of mourning were ended what did Joseph ask Pharaoh?
A.—Permission to go to the land of Canaan to bury his father.
Q.—What did Joseph promise he would do, if he obtained permission?
A.—That he would return again to Egypt.
Q.—What reply did Pharaoh make?
A.—“Go up, I pray thee, and bury thy father, according as he made thee swear.”
Q.—Who accompanied Joseph when he went to bury his father?
A.—All the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father’s house.”

LESSON XXXVIII.

- Q.—Who were left in the land of Goshen?
A.—“Only their little ones, and their flocks, and their herds.”
Q.—What else is said concerning the journey of Joseph?
A.—“There went up with him both chariots and horsemen; and it was a very great company.”
Q.—How long did the company mourn for Jacob when they arrived at the threshing floor of Atad?
A.—Seven days.
Q.—What did the Canaanites say?
A.—This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians.
Q.—Did the sons of Jacob do all that he commanded them?
A.—Yes, they buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah.
Q.—After they all had returned to Egypt, what did Joseph’s brethren say among themselves?
A.—“Joseph will peradventure take us and will certainly requite us all the evil which we did unto him.”
Q.—What did they do?
A.—They sent a messenger unto Joseph.
Q.—What was the messenger to say?
A.—That their father before he died commanded them to ask Joseph’s forgiveness for their sin and trespass against him.
Q.—How did Joseph act?
A.—He wept.
Q.—When his brethren fell down before his face, and said, behold, we be thy servants, what did Joseph say?
A.—“Fear not, I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly to them.”
Q.—How long did Joseph live?
A.—A hundred and ten years.
Q.—Did Joseph see many of his children?
A.—Yes, Ephraim’s children of the third generation and the grand-children of Manasseh were also brought to his knees before he died.
Q.—When Joseph was about to die, what did he say to his brethren?
A.—“God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which he swore to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob.”
Q.—What oath did Joseph take of the children of Israel?
A.—That they should carry up his bones from hence.
Q.—When he died at the age of 110, what did they do to him?
A.—“They embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt.”

ONE GLASS OF WINE.—The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the heir of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble.

His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular.

One morning he invited a companion to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment.

In the conviviality of the hour, he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not in any respect, a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour, he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind.

Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage. When on the way, the horses became restive. But for that extra glass of wine, the duke would have kept his seat.

He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine, he probably would have alighted on his feet, but his head first struck the pavement.

Senseless and bleeding he was taken into a shop, and died.

That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property, worth one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

INVOCATION.

WORDS BY E. HANHAM.
Moderato:

MUSIC BY PROF. C. J. THOMAS.

CHORUS

This day we come be- fore Thee Lord To sing thy praise with sweet ac- cord, Be-
fore thee bending pray: Be thou our steadfast hope and shield! Help us the spirit's sword to wield; Pro-
tect us on life's way! Help us the Spirit's sword to wield; Pro- tect us on life's way! Pro-
tect us on life's way.

O Lord! may Isra'l do thy will!
On Zion's consecrated hill,
Thy name shall honor'd be.
The righteous ones like lions bold,
As Prophets arcicently foretold,
Putting their trust in thee!

Reveal to all thy sov'reign might,
Thy truth, and mercy, love and light,
Oh! then we shall be blest!
Lord! may we imitate thy Son!
And when our work on earth is done,
Enter into thy rest!

Correspondence.

LOGAN, CACHE CO., Sep. 7, 1873.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

I have enjoyed a genuine treat to-day in listening to the harmony produced by the scholars of the combined Sunday Schools of the various settlements of Cache County, engaged in the rehearsal of the songs to be sung at the Sunday School jubilee, which is expected to be held at this place about the last of the present month.

The superintendents and teachers present evinced an honest pride in the efficiency of their pupils, and the happy, smiling faces of the little ones betokened the pleasure they felt. The selection of songs was most excellent, and they were very well rendered, though it was the first general practice. I am told that great credit is due Brother Knowles, the conductor, for his labors in training the children to sing, he having visited most of the settlements of the county for that purpose.

There is something in the singing of children, the mingling of the voices of the innocent little ones in harmonious strains, that awakens the finer feelings of our natures, and fills our hearts with joy. At least it was so in my case to-day, in looking upon the joyous faces and listening to the pleasant voices of the assembled children. The interest felt by the people of Cache County in regard to Sunday Schools is worthy of praise, and the example set by them in getting up a jubilee in which all the children of the county can take a part, may be followed with profit by every other county in the Territory.

G. C. L.

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 18, 1873.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure of an opportunity to visit the Willard City Sabbath School, a short time since, and was agreeably surprised at the number of children in attendance, and the flourishing condition of the school.

Bro. Chas. Wright, the superintendent, has hit upon an excellent expedient for increasing the interest in the school and exercises, by establishing a paper, prepared in manuscript and read in the school, the articles contained in its columns being written by the pupils, and prizes given for the best essays. In the superintendent's columns questions are asked, and prizes given for correct answers.

A considerable number of excellent books are in circulation among the pupils of the school, besides a large number that have been given as prizes, and great interest is taken in the school by the good people of Willard.

Very respectfully,

B. F. C., JR.

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